



Typical Love



poetry

love

typical

21 0 3

Chapter 1 by thatoneambiguousgirl

Maybe it's the way you look at me.

No, I'm serious.

There's this way, when you look at me,

all the colors in your eyes seem to bloom,

increasing in vibrancy. The greens

are as rich as summer grass,

the blues as electric and icy as the

One-drink-you-drink-everyday-that-I-can't-stand.

The amber seems to be dripping, almost like sap from a maple tree.

All I can do is stare as your elegance dumbfounds me.

No, your braces make you adorable.

The fact that you see a therapist? We're crazy together.

But yet I still have

no idea

how you feel

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about me.

I want to tell you but we've been friends for far too long.

That would jeopardize

us.

So I'd rather

see you everyday with no tension

and be miserable, knowing I'll never be with you

than to lose you

because of a simple feeling.

So yes,

I love you.

But really,

I love you.

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